

Everything's Changed

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Summary: The sequel to "Outside the Frame", and the third and final part of my "Frames" triad. (As with the rest of the triad, it's YAOI!!=)

Everything's Changed

> <meta name="Author"> change Author's notes: Okay, this is the conclusion to the "Frames" triad. It starts with "The Water Asked Me For A Kiss", continues on with "Outside the Frame", and ends with this 'un, "Everything's Changed". In this one, it's been about three years since Joe died and they left the Digi-world. Izzy is now thirteen, and he's kind of moved on.... or tried to. I won't say anything more, just read the blasted thing!=)

"Darn it." Izzy muttered as he rummaged through the drawers of his computer desk. "Where did I put that disk..."

> It was late Saturday evening, and a long weekend at that, but even so, the boy was intent on finishing his homework. Outside, heavy raindrops pounded against the windows, seeming to snarl angrily as they hit the glass. It was dark, and the room was lit only by the dim light of his laptop computer. Vaguely Izzy recalled that it was damaging for the eyes to work on a computer with hardly any light, but the danger didn't bother him. His vision had always been excellent, and somehow, he felt that he simply had to get this done before the night was through.
 "I've gotta clean this thing out one of these days." Izzy mumbled, groping to the back corner of the desk, searching for the missing computer disk. "I'm sure I brought that darn disk home..." Finally, his fingers closed around something small and flat, approximately the shape of a disk. It was slightly thicker than most, but Izzy ignored that fact, figuring that he must have snapped it into a disk protector and forgotten about it.

> He pulled the disk out eagerly, hoping to get it over with. I'm almost done this thing, he thought. Just need to do a little bit more, then I can crash for the night. But as he glanced at the thing he held in his palm, he realized it wasn't a computer disk.
 "What the heck?" he whispered to himself, sinking back into his

computer chair. Slowly he turned on his desk lamp and carefully held the object under it.

> It appeared to be a picture frame of some sort. Intrigued, Izzy turned it over, wondering if it was a mere frame, or if it contained a picture. As the dim light lit up the faded and dusty photograph, Izzy let out a small gasp as he remembered just what that picture was. <p>

He stared at it for a moment, gaping in slight disbelief. Slowly, he brushed away the thick dust with the sleeve of his shirt, tears welling up in his eyes as he saw the friend he had lost so many years ago.

He died three years ago, Izzy thought to himself as he looked at the picture of himself and his best friend through blurry eyes. Three years ago. But he died in the Digital World. The Digital World... how long would that be in Digi-years? Six centuries? He wasn't sure.

> Biting his lip, he remembered how he and Gomamon had buried his friend near the sea, where he had plunged from a high cliff. I saw him die, he thought. I saw him die...
 Clutching the photograph to his chest, Izzy could recall perfectly the face of his friend. He had been tall, a great deal taller than he himself had been. His eyes were warm and black, like Izzy's, and he had blue hair, a soft dark blue like a sky after a storm. And he always had an aura of responsibility about him, because he felt that since he was the oldest of the group, it was up to him to make sure they stayed out of danger. Of course, he was rarely successful, Izzy recalled with a slight smile. And his name....

> Though he tried to hold it back, a tear spilled from his eyes, slowly running down his cheek. Izzy quickly wiped it away, closing his eyes.
 His name... what was it? He couldn't have forgotten it. After all, it hadn't been that long, had it? Only three years..

> What was it? Something short, but soft sounding.. kind of common, but that just emphasized the unusual spirit behind it.... <p>

"Joe." Izzy whispered. "His name was Joe."

> As he stared at the picture, the half-forgotten lyrics to a song formed in his mind. Unaware that he was saying them out loud, he began to sing, his soft voice emphasized by the pounding of the thunder and lightning outside. <p>

"The shadows move slowly,

> They climb up the walls,
 'till the light hits the metal and glass.

> It shines through the dust,
 Revealing the love in an old black and white photograph.

> That was before, but it's not anymore.... <p>

'cause outside the frame,

> I should be getting on with my life,
 But I know that I never will.

> 'cause inside my heart,
 I picture us frozen in time,

> Just you and I standing still....
 Now everything's changed...

> Outside the frame." <p>

A flash of lightning outside lit up the room, raging and merciless. The thunder boomed in his ears like gunshots, only subsiding after a final lightning flash.

> "I keep waiting for something to change, but the picture inside stays the same." Izzy murmured, looking down at the photograph. "And the fact of the matter remains.. outside the frame."
 Tears streaming down his cheeks like the rain outside, he rested his head in his hands, gazing out the window with sorrowful eyes.

> "Why did you go?" he whispered. "Why?"
 He looked once again at the photograph. "If only you hadn't gone.. oh gods, I wish you were here. It's against all logic, but I wish you were here..." Izzy closed his eyes, trying to hold back his tears. "I wish you were here..."

> For a moment, the room seemed to get colder, and darker. The rain outside seemed to calm, and suddenly, it seemed as if time was frozen, every element of it still, silent. Then, someone spoke.
 "Well, Izzy, I guess..... you wish came true."

> Izzy opened his eyes, afraid to turn to turn around because of the impossibility that it might be... no. The voice was familiar, too familiar, but it was illogical! Impossible...
 "Who are you?" he whispered.

> "I think you know, but you're denying it..... please, Izzy... turn around. Look at me. I want you to look at me."
 Slowly, Izzy turned around, not quite sure what to expect. His eyes went wide as he saw who had been speaking. There, sitting on his bed, was Joe, his friend from three years ago. He looked as if he had aged three years, and his skin was deathly pale, but still, it was Joe, looking as alive as he had before his death.

> "This can't be..." Izzy whispered. "You're dead. You died years ago, and you couldn't just come back like that. It's impossible."
 Joe nodded. "I know. But lots of things are impossible." he smirked, and looked at Izzy, eyes twinkling. "How do you know what is impossible and what isn't?"

> Izzy opened his mouth to say something, but shut it. This isn't happening, he thought. You're just imagining things..
 "You don't know what's impossible and what isn't. You can't know. After all.... there's no way to prove I don't exist, right? And remember the Digi-world? That was impossible. What's so different about this?"

> Izzy bit his lip. "I...don't.. believe in ghosts." he said finally.
 "You didn't believe in the Digital World before you fell into it, did you?"

> "I... well... that's different."
 "Not in the least." The ghost looked up at him, black eyes shining brightly. "C'mon, Izzy. Why are you being so skeptical? You wanted me to come back, so here I am."

> Trying to keep an open mind, Izzy sat down next to the ghost. It's not real, he thought. "If that's the way it goes.. why didn't you come back right away? You know I always wanted you with me...."
 "But you only said it aloud just now. I could only come if you said it aloud, and truly meant what you were saying. Well, at least, I think that's the way it works....." The ghost went silent, looking at Izzy's face. He doesn't believe in me, he thought. He doesn't believe...

> "You're not real." Izzy whispered. "This goes against all logic. You can't be... you... you're just a figment of my imagination."
 "You're just saying that because you know that I'm really here, but you don't want to believe it. You don't want to believe that I'm here, but I'm not, that I wasn't for so long....Look in your heart, Izzy. Ignore what your mind says, and look in your heart. Tell me what it says."

> Izzy turned his gaze to the window, not wanting to face the truth. "No. My mind is playing tricks on me.. I've been staring at the

computer screen too long. This isn't happening...."
 "Izzy, look at me." Joe said softly, reaching out to touch the boy's shoulder.

> Izzy shuddered at Joe's touch. His fingers were like ice, colder than arctic winds. Slowly he turned and gazed at his friend's pale face, at the reflection of himself in Joe's ghostly bright eyes. There was something in his eyes....
 "You're really here." Izzy whispered, finally realizing the truth. "You're really, truly here... it's not just my imagination, not just an unexplained phenomena... it's you. You're here." Eyes glistening with tears, he flung himself into Joe's arms, ignoring the piercing pain of the freezing aura which surrounded his friend.

> "Yeah.... I'm here." Joe whispered, holding Izzy close. Somehow, the warmth in his heart managed to calm the fierce cold of death which enveloped him, taming the icy aura. "I guess... in a way... I always was." He smiled slightly, remembering what it had been like to be alive. "Do you remember what Gomamon once said? I live in you, in your heart. I always will."
 "I remember. I never really believed it until now..." Izzy looked up at him, eyes sparkling. "Are you here to stay now? I mean... you're not going to leave me again.... are you?" His voice was soft, tinted with sadness.

> "I... can't." Joe said. "I can only stay here for short periods of time, and only when you're alone..."
 "But... how will you be able to come back?" Izzy asked, voice choked. "I don't know if I'll be able to bring you back again..."

> Joe sighed. "I don't know...." He searched his mind, thinking of something, some way that would work. Finally his mind strayed to one thing, one special thing that he had treasured.
 "The picture." he whispered. "It's got to be the picture...." Joe looked down at the photograph, which Izzy still held tightly in his hands. "When you hold it and think of me... and wish I'm with you... then I'll come back to you."

> "That sounds logical." Izzy said softly, holding the old photograph as if it were worth more than all the gold in the world. "If that's the case, I'll carry it with me everywhere..." he glanced back at Joe's face, his smile quickly fading. "Joe....." he whispered. "What...?"
 "What's wrong, Izzy?" Joe asked, arching an eyebrow in confusion.

> "You..." Izzy looked into his eyes, staring in disbelief. With trembling fingers he touched Joe's cheek, quickly pulling his hand back when he realized that the icy coldness had returned. But there was something more...
 "Joe." he whispered, voice shaking.

"You're becoming transparent..."

> Raising his hand in front of his face, Joe realized what Izzy had said. He could see through the pale flesh of his fingers, which was becoming more and more see-through, as if his skin was thinning.
 "I'm leaving this world again." he said, trying to hide the sadness in his voice. "I'm leaving..."

> Izzy lowered his head, eyes once again brimming with tears. "I wish you didn't have to go so soon." he whispered. "I wish you could just stay here with me... make up for lost time...."
 "Izzy..." Joe whispered, reaching over to lift up his chin. For a moment he gazed into the younger.. or rather, older boy's eyes, unable to say anything. "I wish I could stay with you too." He sighed, and smiled slightly. "But... I'll always be with you. And.... I'll come back again.... that is... if you really want me to." Trembling, Joe leaned over and kissed him gently, pulling away just before he lost all solidity. "I love you... I always will."

The rain outside calmed to a gentle drizzle, and the roll of the

thunder seemed sad, mournful. Lightning flashed, seeming to illuminate the whole world. Somewhere, in the dark of his room, a young boy cried softly as he clutched an old photograph to his chest. Tears ran like rivers from his soft black eyes, but somehow, he was smiling, for they were not tears of sadness, but tears of joy, of love, of happiness.

> "I love you too, Joe." Izzy whispered into the darkness. "I love you too." <p>

END!

And now, the aftermath:

> Katt: *down in her basement, about to turn on the computer*
 Joe and Izzy: *both walk up to Katt, looking as if they were not the least bit pleased at her most recent fic*

> Katt: *nervous* Oh, hi guys....
 Tai and Matt: *close in on Katt from behind*

> Matt: Well, hullo, Katt. *smiles grimly* We need to have a little talk.
 Katt: *sweatdrops* Really? Okay.. um.. what about?

> Tai: Oh, I think you know..
 Katt: Um... noo...

> Joe: *smiles sideways at Izzy, and looks at him, arching an eyebrow* Why don't you tell her....
 Izzy: Allright... *walks right up to Katt and looks up to her* We are NOT gay! GOT IT?!

> Katt: *takes a step back* Okay, okay, I got it!
 Joe: *glares at Katt* Then how come you write so many fics about me and Izzy..?

> Katt: *blushes* You two just look so cute together, is all...
 Joe and Izzy: *both look like they're about to throw up*

> Katt: Besides... if I can't have Izzy, I figured no other girl can..
 Izzy: WHAT?!

> Katt: *blushes even more furiously* er... I mean.. that is to say I... *bites tongue*
 Tai: *looks ticked* Well, what about me and Matt, eh?

> Katt: Um.. well.. it was my first yaoi, y'see, and.. um... well, I figured I'd use Matt as the target, since everyone thinks he's so cool any everything..
 Matt: You got that right.

> Katt: and I couldn't use Joe as the other guy, 'cause he gets picked on enough already..
 Joe: *mutter* Thanks for the encouragement.

> Katt: ... and of course I wanted Izzy for myself, so I couldn't use him in it..
 Izzy: *stares at Katt as if she's insane*

> Katt: ... and of course TK is out of the question, so the only one left was Tai...
 Tai, Matt and Joe: WHAT?!

> Izzy: *still in shock*
 Tai: *looks at Matt and Joe* Let's teach her a little lesson, shall we?

> Matt and Joe: YEAH!!
 Katt: *starts backing away* Uh oh..

>
 a few minutes later...

> *Katt is lying on the floor, her backpack torn. Papers with fics written on them litter the floor. Matt is hiding behind the door, and Joe is cowering under the table. Tai is still standing, barely, his goggles hanging from the end of his nose. Izzy is STILL in shock*
 Katt: *gets up* That'll teach you to mess with me.... *starts picking up her stuff and stuffing it in her backpack*

> Izzy: *finally comes to his senses, and sees something on the floor. he picks it up and looks at it. It seems to be some sort of stuffed toy, made to look exactly like him. Izzy looks at Katt* Um.. what's this? A voodoo doll or something? *arches an eyebrow*
 Katt: *sweatdrops, and snatches it from him* Um.... no. That's my Koushiro plushie... *blushes*

> Izzy: *goes into shock again*
 Katt: *glances at the clock* Uh

oh. You guys gotta get the heck outta here, right now, or else my mum is gonna go ballistic! *glances at Izzy* Except you. You can stay.

grins

> Izzy: *snaps out of it* BAH! NO! No thanks.. I'll... just.. be... going.... *he runs out, followed by Matt, Tai, and Joe* <p>

If you get the idea that I've got a lot of time on my hands, you're absitively posilutely righty-o.=P

> <p>

End
file.